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BEFORE THE CURPEW. BY OLIVER WENDELL BOLICE

Choice Poetry.

Not bed-time yet! The night winds blow.
The stars are out—full well we know
The nurse is on the stair.
With hand of ice and check of snow,
And frusen lips that whisper low.
("Ceme, children, it is time to go,
My peaceful couch to share."

No years a wakeful heart are tire: Not bed dains yet! Come, stir the fire, And warm your dear old hands; Kind mother earth we love as well, Has pleasant stories yet to tell. Before we hear the curfew ball; Still glow the hurning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know What wonders time has yet to show, What unborn years shall bring: What ship the Artite pole shall reach. What lessons Science waits to teach. What sessons there are left to preach, What posens yet to sing.

What next? we ask; and is it true. The smakine falls on nothing new, As Jarsel's King declared! Was ocean ploughed with harmested fire? Ween nations coupled with a wire? Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre? How Blrain would have stared!

And what if Sheba's curious Queen,
Whe came to see-and to be seen—
Nor sunsething new to seek,
And awasted, as ladies sametimes do,
At sights that thrilled her through and through,
Had heard, as she was county to,
A becausitive's stricts.

And seen a rushing railway train, As she looked out along the plain. From David's loftly lower. A mile of smoke that blots the sky. And blinds the eagles as they fly Behind the cars that thunder by. A sours of leagues an hour:

See to my flat her respond
This little slumbering fire tipped wand—
One touch—it bereits in flame!
Steal me a portrait from the sun—
One look—and le! the picture done!
Are these off tricks, King Selomen,
We lying moderns claim!

Could you have spectroscoped a star? If both those mothers at your bar, The cruel and the mild. The young and tender, did and tough. The young and tender, did and tough, Had said. "Divide—you re right, though rough Did did Judea know enough."
To etherics the child?

These births of time our eyes have seen.
With but a few brief years between;
What womber if the text.
For other ages deniations true.
For enting years will never do—
Whercoff we all should like a few.
If but no see what must.

If such things have been, such may be; Who would not like in live and see.

If Heaven may so arealin—
What waits undersamed of, yet in store, The waves that roll feave-erasors.
On life a long beach may cast ashers.
From out the mist-had main?

Will earth to pagan dreams return, To find from minery's painted urn That all save loops hos flown-Of Book and Church and Pricet hereit. The Book of Ages withly deft. Life's compass gone, its ambor left, Left-box-in depths unknown?

Shall Faith the trodden path pursus,
The eruz quests weavers knew,
Who sleep with folded hands,
Where, like a naked, lidless eye,
The staring Nile rolls wondering by
Those mountain slopes that climb the sky.
Above the drifting sands?

Or shall a nobler Faith return.
Its fames a purer Gospel learn,
With holier authonse ring.
And beach so that our transient creeds
Were but the perishable seeds.
Of harvests awar for larger needs.
That ripening yours shall bring t

Well, let the present do he best; We trust our nucker for the rest, As on our way we plod; Our souls, full dressed in feshly seits, Love air and somshine, flowers and fraits The distinct better than their roots Beneath the grassy sod.

Not hed-time yet! the full-blown flower of all the year—this evening hestr— With friendship's flame is bright Life still is event, the heavens are fair. Though fields are heven not week are. And many a joy in left to share. Before we say Gooslingth!

heavy spurs jingling werrily, and the sturdy "boro" logging along under his promisenous load of blankets, mining kit and seartly cooking mountain tops, and sent down vertical ravelength of the study of the days of histering heat, while not a breath of cool air stirred is the depth of the catyon. Bill had the first and search of histering heat, while not a breath of cool air stirred is the depth of the catyon. Bill had the first and lack followed twenty yards behind, while the striped-noise boro brought up the rear like a heap of baggage with a head and it.

"Nary a drop, old pared. Yell be all right to the control of the control

init: I'll kill you, Bill!" This was then succeeded by a moment of quiet, when, with twitching muscles and heavy breathing, he lay with closed eyes, as if trying to sleep. Then, with a shrick, and a yell, another blast of terror, horror and despair blended, fell upon the rocky walls of the deep canyon.

"Them jim-jams is a hoopin' it up to him just awful, and he can't stan' this sort o' thing long without some dector's piscen o' some kind. There is sogers over on the Rapid, an' there's sogers back at Harney, and they'll hev a medico dead upon us. Here, Snozer, he continued, as he approached his pony, "you an' I'll jest see what we can do fer our old pard, Jack." A saddle was quickly adjusted, and, after a long and steady look at Jack, who for the moment lay quiet and motionless, he moonted and rode rapidly down the guich. He soon reached a univers' camp below—Stand-Off Bar—a camp composed of rough, bearied men, dogs, horses, mules, boros and oxen. He quickly targained for a man to go back to Harney, to the soldiers camp, and engage a medico at any prier, to come with all mostble back.

camp, and engage a medico at any price, to come with all possible haste.
"Til pay ye far yer hoss if ye kill 'im agoin," and Hill, as he turned to go back; and he jeg-ged along thoughtfully until he came in sight of

be, with extreme bravado, poured water from one of his wrists to the other, backward and forward, as I believe for the purpose of affecting his antagonist. Mr. Benton was a brave man, and a man of whom Missouri must feel proud, but he was above and before every thing a consummate actor. He carried the histrionic into every detail of life, and I have always believed his conduct in that duel was just so much acting, intended to have an effect on Mr. Lucas, who was as nervous as he was brave. While Benton was pretending to cool himself at the water bucket, Lucas was standing at his past waiting for him to get through. It is non ense to believe that Benton was distressed by the heat. He was a Southern man, thoroughly used to the summer in this latitude, and such a man going into mortal fight would not think about the weather. Mr. Lucas' second never should have permitted this episode, which certainly contributed to the result of the duel.

"He delice the distance—and when the werd was given Benton fired from his hip. He simply turned his hand toward Lucas, and shot specified in the purpose of affecting the body was a horse. This union was considered ward and not a brave man, and a when he most famous centaur, was the most estemed of teachers. He taught Æsculapins, Apollo and Hercelers. He taught Æsculapins, Apollo and Hercel

"When the men were placed, it was at ten feet —I am sure of the distance—and when the wern was given Benton fired from his hip. He simply turned his hand toward Lucas, and shot without taking time to lift his pistoit to the line of sight. Every one of Lucas' friends believed that he was a dying man when he returned the transpet of the passages showing the great reverence in which fire. The builtet of the enemy was in him when he party had pulled to this side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, I for a special to the side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river, Benton told a friend of mine side of the river of the captains and the shoulder of the captains and the shoulder of the captains and the shoulder of other passages showing the great reverence in which the order in which the order of the captains and the shoulder of other passages showing the great reverence in which the horse was held by the dirine writers. Mortise of the river, and the friend of the river of the captains and the samelleth the batting with thoughts of war, whistling as I descended to keep my courage up. Exhausted by this should well as the sum of the Federal army from Naniville.

This was news, and I started down the mountain with thoughts of war, whistling as I descended to keep my courage up. Exhausted by the shoulder to keep my courage up. Exhausted by this site as or of the c

HORSES IN HEAVEN. Gen. Abe Buford Cites Some Passages of Scripture to Prove that the Noble Beast, in a Celestial Form, Exists on High.

Celestial Form, Exists on High.

The "Church and the Turf," the enticing title of Gen. Abe Buford's lecture at the Campbell Street Christian Church last evening, proved one that drew a large and interested audience, who listened with deep attention to the speaker's views of horse-racing from a Bible standpoint. He introduced his subject by stating that his becoming a lecturer on any subject was to him a novel idea, and that he should take the platform on this subject was something that he had never contemplated. Nevertheless, if by so doing he could advance one iota the cause of Christ, or in any way correct the morals of this degenerate age, it would be a pleasure.

REFERRING TO HIS LAST LECTURE,

Gen. Buford said that it had been extensively commented upon by people who deplored the fact that it had been delivered in a church, while others, more favorable in their views, had commended the subject to all good men. One of the effects claimed for the lecture, the speakers aid, was that the Chicago Running and Driving Association had abolished forever the "wheel of fortune," one of the vilest species of gambling known. That this had been accomplished through his efforts, had created a desire to go further into the subject, by asking the simple question. REFERRING TO HIS LAST LECTURE, simple question,

WHOSE HOUSE IS IN ORDER?

Going to the Bible for an answer, he found this in II. Samuel, chapter xxiii., verse 5: "Although my house be not so with God, but he has made with me an everlasting covenant." These were the words of David, a man after God's own heart, and he had done what every Christian ought frequently to do, compare his condition and surroundings on earth with what was required of him by the Master. Not only should conditions, but opinions, he also carefully compared with what is required by the Bible. These comparisons, though truly humiliating, were essential to spiritual success. Bearing in mind that there was but one good and perfect life—that of Jesua—we discover the slightest stain, and in sadness note the alarming deficiency in our lives, when they are thus compared with what they ought to be. The speaker then quoted at length from the Scripture the expressions of many pious men in regard to their opinions of their own lives. It is true that

plainly revealed the fact that our houses were not in order. Insercourse with one another led to a comparison of the relative positions, and any difference that might be discovered should be treated with Christian forlearance. A simple denunciation and the assertion that this or that view was erroneous was not sufficient; strong argument mest convince of error and point out in what regard the reasoning is wrong, yet all opinions should conform with faith. All church members necessarily differed to a greater or less degree in their repinions of church government, and it is the duty of all Christians to remove them if possible—not to use the language of dennuciation.

In ancient mythology the centaur was repre-

In ancient mythology the centaur was repre-sented as a man to the loins; the remainder of the body was a horse. This union was consid-

JUNE. NT DORA READE GOODALE

June is a scarlet rose.

The bloasom of the year;
In May, among the open woods,
We watch the promise of her buds
Which still are hidden close;
The Jane tide is not here;

June is a red, red rose,
The blossom of the year;
The whole and showers of May, too
Are drifted to the verge of June,
And Summer heats disclose.
The passion which is here! June is a burning rose,
The blosson of the year;
The resiless winds among the woods
Unreal the splender of her buds,
And magic airs disclose
The light of Summer here!

June is a scarlet rose,
The blossem of the year:
Her crumpled petals lie.
To mark the footsleps of July—
Have peace—the lily blows.
And other life is here.

LOVE. BY ROBERT BURNS. O, my luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O, my luve's like the melodic That's aweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bounds lass, So deep in lave ass I; And I will inve thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry— Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks neft wi' the sun; I will luve thee still, my dear, While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
The it were ten thousand mile. MORGAN'S MEN. od Deed Performed by One of the Celo brated Band of Troopers.

[New Orleans Times.]

Having read the "good act" of one of Morgan's men in rescuing a child exposed to danger in the eugagement at Augusta, Ky., I am reminded of a similar "good act" by one of Morgan's men, which I desire to record as worthy of preservation. Cognizant of the act, I wouch for its entire truthfulness.

FAMOUS VIRGINIA DUELS.

The Time When a Man Was Considered a Coward if He Would Not Fight-Patal En-counters of the Past. Coward if the Wasile Net Fight-Fatel Encastiers of the Past.

Eichmonn, October 29.—The recent bloodless encounters on "the field of honor," in Virginia, recall other and more fatal meetings, in former days, when an insult could only be wiped out by the blood of the insulter, when a man's "rank," if entitling him to notice at all, demanded in a way that admitted of no refusal, what is known to the believers in "the code" as "astifaction." A declination of the challenge was then followed by what is known as "posting," and Bladensburg, beyond the border, has been made famous as the decling ground of the politicians of an earlier day and generation. Pleasants, and Ritchie, and John M. Daniel, and Roger Pryor, later on all editors and all politicians, were also, a decade or so back, all duelists. In those days, the Richmond press was the moulder and fashioner of political sentiment, and the wordy warfare of its Whig and Democratic editors culminated not infrequently in a fierce summons to the "field of honor." The stories which are told of the ante-bellum deels put to the most vivid blush the mild and milk-soppy performance of the newadays Virginia politicians. The "code" stood in high repute then, and the man who would not fight was regarded as unfit for the society of ladies and gentlemen.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

gentlemen.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

One of the most famous of the ante-bellum duels was she fatal one between Ritchie, of the Richmond Eaguirer, and John Hampden Pleasants, of the Richmond Hambden Pleasants, of the Richmond Hambden Pleasants was an uncompromising Whig. A personal attack in the columns of the one paper, responded to by a no less personal answer in the other, resulted in a challenge and a meeting. The scene was Belle Isle, the little inlet in the James River at Richmond. Here, in sight of the city's busy streets, the two editors met and fought. They had each gone to the fray armed with duelling pistols, and swords. The conditions of the fight, as agreed upon by their seconds, were that after the first fire with the pistols, if neither should be hart, they should have recourse to their swords. The swords remained in their scabbard, for at the first shot Pleasants fell dead in his tracks. A no less notable duel was one which occurred many years before the Ritchie-Pleasants affair between Mason and McCarty. Mason was a member of that historic Virginia family of the same name, to which belonged James Mason, the great Senator, and John Y. Mason, the Minister of the Confederate Government to France, who was captured by the Union Government from an English ship, during the Rebellion, in company with Mr. Slidell. Mason and McCarty were bruthers-in-law. The foud between them was a political one. They fought on the dividing line of London and Prince William Counties. The weadons used were old-fashioned muskets, loaded with sings. Mason's brain.

THE WISES AS DUELISTS.

The Wises, of Virginia, have always been great A PAMOUS DUEL.

which I desire to record as worthy of preservation. Cognizant of the act, I wouch for its entire truthfulness.

After participating in the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburgh Landing, Morgan's squadron took up it to march through North Alabama, having, in the mind of its sagacious leader, a field more inviting to the ambition of partisan warfare than acting as advance guard or doing picket duty with the "web-feet" of the regular army. Reaching Chattanooga in May, 1862 (only a few weeks) preceding his first great raid into Kentucky). Colonel Morgan established his camp in the envirous, for the avowed purpose of recruiting his squadron of four companies into a regiment, his altimate designs being strictly withheld.

While at this camp, I was permitted to visit Lookout mountain, provided I would leave my horse in charge of my mess, and take an Alpine straff as my support up the side of the sammin of this magnificent picket of nature's grand armanent. After a two days' sojourn amid the far reaching views of Point Lookout, the lovely case cales and inxuriant beanty of an endless variety of mountain flowers, found in company with a mountain mass, satiated and rested with the elegant surroundings and splendic fare of the Mountain Honse, I had settled with mine host, and, after an early breakfast, was prepared to rejoin my comrades in the camp below, little dreaming that a flutter of such magnitude was then exercising the gallant and humane heart of General Leidbetter, the commandant of "Post Chattanooga."

I was told that a conrier had just arrived, with orders that the sick and convalescent at the hospital on the mountain would at once be taken to Chattanooga, where ample transportation awaited them to move into Georgia, on account of a threatened attack upon Chattanooga by an advancing column of the Federal army from Nashwille.

This was news, and I started down the mountain with thoughts of war, whistling as I descended to hear never an experiment of the proper of the war, the resort to the "code" has not alwancing col

A CHANGE IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT. Since the war, the resort to the "code" has not been so popular or so fashionable as it once was. People's ideas on the subject have of late years reopers meas on the shape, and to refuse an invitation to fight—as was done some months ago by Mr. Button, a distinguished Lynchburg editor—is apt to be more commended and applanded by the Virginia people than an acceptance

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME. BY ANDERW SADIE.

The sweet birds sing and the rivulet runs. So cheerfly round the spet. Where the peaceful shades of the heather hills Fall dim on my mother's rot. The windows are low, and the thatch is low. And the stone walls old and gray; Oh'! I see in-I love it, where e et I go—That old home far away.

I can see my mather before me now.
Asleep in that oil arm-chair.
With the semothin tinging her wrinkled brow.
That was once se smooth and fair.
Her crimpled barder as white as the snow.
As a her dark brown hair turnes! gray;
Oh! I see it—I brost, where ever I go—
That old home far away.

And there's the brown cow on its homeward path,
As it comes so quiet along.

And the little maid, with pail to her hand,
Is singing that dear old song;
And the frelicome tambs in that harnyard
Are gathering round to play;
Oh! I see it—I love it, where e'er I go—
That old home far away.

The little clock ticks on the kitchen wall, To tell us the passing hours: And the woodbine twining round the cot, With its sweetly accuted flowers: And the old strue chair, no coay and low, Where mother ast knifting such day; Oh! I see it—I love it. where see I gn— That old home far away.

Not all the pleasures this world can give, Or the riches of the sea, Or the rank or wealth of sarth's proud lords, Can ever extrasige from me. The roof that covered my dear mother's head, With its humble floor of clay; Oh! I see its I love it, where a er I go— That old home far away.

When sucher as hading such day:

Out is sell—it ion in Notes, we're provided the place of the property of the place of the property of the place of the tornado of the place of the tornado, of conditions favorable place of the tornado, of conditions favorable place of the tornado of the proportion of the place of the place of the place of the tornado, of conditions favorable place of the tornado of the proportion of the place of the proportion of the place of the place of the place of the proportion of the place of the proportion

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SECRETS OF THE STORMS. Investigation by the Signal Service into the Cyclones in the Lower Missouri Valley.

Investigation by the Signal Service into the Cyclenes in the Lewer Missouri Valley.

Having authority to investigate, during the sterms of 1882, that class of violent wind aterms technically termed formatics, I have established my headquarters at Kansas City, Mo., from which point I shall communicate with every portion of the Lower Missouri Valley, with reference to these terrible storms. I desire the kind assistance of every one who can and will furnish me facts bearing upon this investigation; and in order that such persons may keen the exact kind of data needed, the following questions and remarks are herewith appended: Acting under the anthority of the chief signal officer, in charge of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C., I have established my hendquarters at Kansas City, Mo., a point admirably well fitted, by reason of the completeness of its mail, telegraph and railroad facilities, for the prosecution of my labors in the effort to carefully investigate the tormadees of 1882, and study the general features of violent wind storms. I shall give my individual attention to the tornadoes of what may be termed the Lower Missouri Valley, embracing the Sisten of Kausas, Nebraska, Missouri, and lowa. It is within this region that tornadoes occur with the greatest frequency, the most unexampled violence, the most marked regularity, and with the most complete manifestation of their peculiar characteristics.